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# IT TO BE HATE?

## AN ESSAY IN WAR-TIME

BY  
HAROLD PICTON

WITH A FOREWORD BY JOHN A. HOBSON

*Aliena vitia in oculis habemus—a tergo nostra sunt*  
SENECA



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## A FOREWORD

THE heaviest cost of war is the legacy of hate which it leaves behind. This moral poison, if it continues to spread among the British and the German peoples, must render a durable settlement after the war and a peaceful future for Europe wellnigh impossible. The fires of this hate are daily stoked by a reckless and light-minded Press, and a state of mind is produced, even among "educated" people, which accepts the most outrageous charges against the enemy without the least regard either to evidence or inherent probability. What Burke regarded as beyond his power, viz. "to draw an indictment against a whole people," becomes a fatally easy occupation for our non-combatants. Englishmen who, if invited to describe in a few sentences "the British mind," would express frankly their bewilderment, find no difficulty, upon the strength of a hasty perusal of Bernhardt and the White Paper, in neatly summarizing "the German mind." The gulf of misunderstanding and of ill-feeling thus created will, if permitted to remain unbridged, form an impassable barrier to that concert or confederation of nations which is the sole possible alternative to a return to barbarism.

I have seen no better informed and better spirited contribution to this important task of assuaging hate than the essay of Mr. Picton. The writer admits fully the evil strength of German militarism and the part played in recent history by their base philosophy of force, but he also brings into relief the many fine qualities of that German "culture" which has been made a byword of derision among those who know nothing of the language, literature, history, or home life of the German people. Mr. Picton has considerable acquaintance with German methods, and was travelling in Germany as lately as last year. This statement, I am aware, will be calculated in many quarters to raise a prejudice against the value of his essay; for it will imply a measure of sympathy and understanding in itself offensive to the blind spirit of pernicious hate which so many seem to consider conducive to a vigorous prosecution of the war. This desire to let us know as little as possible of what the Germans think and feel permeates alike the public policy of our Press Bureau and the private disposition of the loyal citizen. But it betokens an exceedingly mischievous and dangerous state of mind. Perhaps the most valuable part of Mr. Picton's essay is that which brings from his wide reading and personal experience shafts of light to penetrate this darkness, incidents and illustrations which restore Germans once more to the status of human beings very like ourselves. Throughout the essay readers will find much shrewd criticism and sanely balanced judgment on matters important to the moral and intellectual sanity of our nation.

J. A. HOBSON.

# IS IT TO BE HATE?

I SUPPOSE that most of us feel that if ever a war should be conducted in a fine spirit it is this one. There is so much at stake. It is a war for a cause, for an idea, at last. A war of self-defence truly, but for reasons that go far beyond the possessions or the purposes of any one people. May we not acknowledge also that on the other side too (in spite of much cruelty of method) it is a war for a cause, for a predominance in something much more than material possession. Different ideals have come to the test in that strange, illogical ordeal by combat by which, through the ages, Nature has tried her children. Personally, in spite of all that has passed, I believe that combat could (in the main) be fought finely to its issue on both sides. But what we *say* counts more than might be thought. Perhaps it is because amidst the hurtle of shrapnel words seem insignificant that the talkers have allowed themselves rather much licence. It is a sign of modesty, let us hope. But the truth is that words still count and may still profoundly modify the spirit of the fighting. The words about our "contemptible little army" (words which, by the way, the Kaiser apparently never uttered) undoubtedly added in no negligible degree to the determination of many an Englishman. They have counted in the war. Words uttered here, feeling felt here will count in the war, and will count even more in that veiled future when the war is over. The feeling will count most of all. What are the mistakes of feeling on both sides? What is the *attitude* of both sides? Can we understand the attitude of the other side? Are we doing it justice? The psychology of crowds is curious and interesting, but the crowd-emotion certainly very seldom makes for clear insight.

To detach ourselves somewhat from the psychic storm may be more important to a true view of the situation than the reading of many White or Yellow Books. I wrote purposely "somewhat," for *complete* detachment leads only to the academic, non-human view, in which invariably everything that is vital and illuminating is lost in a fog of rationality. This little paper shall simply be an attempt to suggest a human view of Germany, written, however, quite frankly, from the English standpoint.

It is the human view that we need to remind ourselves of, though I am glad to think that as the war proceeds it asserts itself with greater power. The Germans and we are both suffering. In time this fact will count, I believe, more than we can at present imagine, towards a wise peace. An Englishwoman took some German girls across to Flushing after the outbreak of the war. "We were met," she writes, "by several German fathers—big, jolly business-men, who were glad to get their little daughters back, and thanked me most cordially for looking after them."<sup>1</sup> Here at once we see the German as a fellow-man with the ordinary feelings of our common humanity, not a mere military monster, as popular imagination is inclined just now to picture him. It seems rather childish to write what is so very obvious, but it really becomes necessary in these days because of the childish imagery of hate which the other kind of view is producing all around us. I know of a village school, for instance, where the children have been so successfully instructed in the horror of the German nature that one of them at least has lain awake at night wide-eyed with fear. I cannot see the necessity or the wisdom of this. Children terrified into dread and hatred of the members of another nation will not be better equipped for promoting understanding when they grow up. But we are sometimes told that all considerations of a future understanding are, at the present time, "sentimental." On the contrary, it seems to me that to ignore the future, to ignore the psychology of others, and to concentrate our energies on blind hate is the real sentimentality. For sentimentality does not consist in

<sup>1</sup> *The Common Cause*, October 16, 1914.

feelings, but in lack of mutual balance of feelings. To allow its place to the energies of the fight, its place also to those considerations which will prevent the fight from destroying the future—this is surely the consummation wisdom would seek.

Let us remember always that it is feelings that cause strife, feelings, too, that cure it. The understanding of others is no mere act of intellection. No *theory* ever enables us to understand or to win another. It is the touch of soul on soul that does this, the receptive outlook that has not been narrowed by a code. And then *tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner*. This may be so even with the Germans—and with the English. *Tout comprendre* would be, no doubt, to find very intelligible human weaknesses on both sides, with a balance of mistaken aim on one. The balance of mistaken aim (culminating in terrible cruelty and injustice) seems to me to be on the German side. But then I am one of the many parties to the dispute. For what it is worth, I will give my effort. If it cannot pretend *tout comprendre*, or *tout pardonner*, it shall at least be sincere.

I remember speaking once to an English schoolmaster who had taught for considerable periods in both Germany and England. "Tell me," I said, "is there really the difference between German and English boys that people talk about?" "Undoubtedly," he answered, "there are great differences. The German boys are readier to learn, easier to manage, more docile. In some respects they are preferable as pupils, but they have the defects which these qualities suggest. They have nothing like the initiative of English boys." To a large extent this view is a commonplace, but, unlike many commonplace views, it seems to be correct. "Docility." This comes to mind when in Germany we see the many, many notices, "*Polizeilich verboten*," "*Straflich verboten*." Of course, things are forbidden and things are punished in this country, but we do not manage to convey the threat of officialdom so well into our notices. In fact, we never take our officials quite seriously, and so we save our souls alive. I remember talking to a good-natured, weighty German in the Opera House at Berlin. He praised the ventilation, though to

me the place was intolerably hot, and I have never forgotten the sort of awe with which he remarked that the ventilation was "*streng polizeilich angeordnet*." These are small points, but they hang together with others that are larger. The same unreadiness for freedom, the same distrust of it, the curious may easily trace throughout German affairs. Prussia has chief voice, and the system of representation in Prussia lags behind that of all the rest of the Empire. The richer primary voters number only three to five per cent. of the whole, but elect one-third of the direct electors of the Prussian Lower House. The Reichstag, or Imperial Diet, is, it is true, elected by manhood suffrage, but the Executive is entirely beyond its control. All Ministers are appointed or removed by the will of the Emperor, and the nation always votes, as Mr. Dawson has said,<sup>1</sup> "with the feeling that it is an outsider." Plain facts such as these are surely of enormous importance in estimating the responsibility of the German people for the war. It is easy for the Government in England to mislead the country about a war ; it is ten times easier in Germany. "Control and regulation at every turn," writes Mr. Dawson, "are the lot of all Germans, at least of all North Germans, from the cradle to the grave." "No people," writes Bernhardi, "is so little qualified as the German to direct its own destinies." A people thus constituted and thus drilled is apt to become a well-organized machine, entirely obedient to the dictates of the authorities. Should these dictate industry and thrift, a marvellous organization of productive labour will be built up ; should they dictate destruction, the frightfully perfected machinery will begin revolving with punctilious and pitiless efficiency. The results, when others are concerned outside the special Teutonic circle, have been illustrated many times in the short history of the Empire. The long tutelage of Alsace was ended only in 1901, and the Zabern incident leaves us in no doubt as to what government of others means in Germany. What have we seen in Polish Prussia? The exclusion of Polish literature and Polish history from the schools, the absurd prosecutions of sixty schoolboys at Thorn

<sup>1</sup> *The Evolution of Modern Germany*. W. H. Dawson.

(an event probably still in the memory of most of us), the strenuous attempts to suppress the Polish language (a decree of 1899 even requiring teachers to disuse Polish in the family circle), Government plantation of Germans in the Polish districts, and all that general machinery of repression by which, as history has abundantly shown, one nation can never govern another. In the past these matters have belonged to the internal affairs of Germany, and we have paid them but little heed. Now, however, that Germany proposes to extend her system to peoples comparatively free, her general methods of internal administration are a matter of grave concern for us all. Those methods as applied to others are, shortly, "Be German or be damned." There are those who would rather be damned. This the German statesmen of to-day did not foresee. I have no contempt for German individuality and character—on the contrary, it attracts me; but when an individual begins to consider it his sacred duty to impose his individuality on others, he is on the high-road to a very disagreeable form of insanity. Only strong measures will effect a radical cure.

In this matter of government the extreme test is always the treatment of primitive peoples. Here Germany has come out badly. No nation in this respect has come through with clean hands, but the terrible mistakes of Germany have come at a late day. There have also, it must be freely acknowledged, been noble efforts to retrieve them. Speaking retrospectively in the Reichstag in 1906, the leader of the German People's Party said: "It must be frankly acknowledged that the German Government has simply abolished the existing civil laws of the natives in the German colonies. This was bound to excite discontent. . . . The honour of the German name suffers under this absolutely arbitrary system. We have lost the sympathy of the black race." It is the old bureaucratic mistake, the mistake of those, too, who do not nourish the stomach of theory with the food of practice. The natives did not accept German civilization, and were condemned accordingly. The bloodsucking trader (everywhere to be found) was at first scarcely checked by central officials incapable of understanding native

feeling. Herr Schlettwein, one of the Government experts of 1908, had written in 1904: "The Hereros must be compelled to work, and to work without compensation and in return for their food only. Forced labour for years is only a just punishment, and at the same time it is the best method of training them. The feelings of Christianity and philanthropy with which the missionaries work must for the present be repudiated with all energy." Do we not here see the hard, theoretical outlook that has made its most terrible mistake in Belgium? The Colonial Secretary, Herr Dernburg, was a vigorous reformer. Speaking in 1908, he said: "It makes a very unfavourable impression on one to see so many white men go about with negro whips. I even found one on the table of the principal pay office in Dar-es-Salam; it is still the usual thing, and any one who has been there will confirm what I say." The notoriety of Dr. Karl Peters, the continuous punitive expeditions, the brutality of certain governors, the frightful war of extermination against the Hereros—these were all the natural consequences of a repressive theory allowed unrestrained operation in ordinary human nature. There is no need whatever to regard the Germans as specially cruel. All nations have at times been cruel to natives, but the Germans alone have had a theory justifying cruelty. It is not isolated atrocities that I refer to. Upon these it is never wise to lay stress. It is simply a policy of unimaginative government.

There is, however, the other side to be considered. Let us, as Englishmen, imagine our land where Germany now is. Imagine the shifting suspicions of diplomacy on our land frontiers—the huge, undefined power of Russia on one hand, an unfriendly France on the other. Compulsory armament would be inevitable, and the cult of force might sink into our souls. It is ridiculous for Englishmen to be sanctimonious about the trend of German policy. In our island home we have scarcely been touched by the dangers which German statesmen have felt about them every day. Most probably the dangers were exaggerated, but all the traditions of diplomacy are those of suspicion and subterfuge. Till we are rid of professional diplomatists we shall

never think well of one another. And, alas ! even then a certain type of journalist would have to go too, or our last state might be worse than our first. The diplomatist is not quite so directly and personally concerned in making a profit on his suspicions. On the whole, I think there has not been nearly the journalistic scaremongering in Germany that there has been in this country. Any one travelling to Germany must immediately be struck by the entirely different character of the newspapers there. Our scare headlines, our revel in trials for murder and divorce do not occur, and provincial papers surprise one by articles of a kind and of an intelligence that provincial editors in this country would carefully eschew. Cross the border into France, and you find murders and divorce and triviality very much as in England. The average Englishman would deem the German paper "slow": for some of us, however, there are other ideals than those of rapidity. For the atmosphere that made war increasingly inevitable English newspapers have been far more responsible than German.

In another respect also is it well to walk with caution. We condemn as unworkable the repression ideals of Germany, and we are at the same time the allies of Russia. The repressive policy of Russia has been in the past the subject of the fiercest condemnation in England. We have conveniently forgotten this, just as we have forgotten the Congo atrocities. Those of us, however, who have met Russian exiles escaped from Siberia cannot so easily forget the Russian past, and the recent proposals with regard to Finland were an unpleasant reminder of it. But there are these things to be said. With the coming of the Duma there was at least an approach to constitutional government, an approach not dissimilar to that of Prussia. Russia has been awakening. It has been the home of great struggles for liberty, it has not settled down to any system, it has no idea of being the final word in civilization or culture. True that 72 per cent. of the population of the Empire are illiterate, but crimes against civilization may proceed from the highly educated. Russia has at times been dangerous, of course, but compared with Prussia she has not been *so*

dangerous, because she has not developed so far. The future? Well, that depends on *how* she develops. It was in Germany the strange union between culture and repression that gave birth to the giant that threatened Europe. The giant really believed in his culture, and was quite a nice, kind giant too, but he had the school-master notion in his head, and he wanted to make all the naughty boys good by free use of the birch. Out of the comedy of this solemn pedantry has come many a tragedy, and at last the pedants, as in Kingsley's parable, must have a taste of schooling under Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did. Our own attitude has been far from impeccable. We, too, have plenty of lessons to learn. Our scare attacks on Germany undoubtedly intensified suspicion and gave war parties a chance; our jealousy of German trade was often rather petty and usually unintelligent. As a very friendly West-phalian German said to me at Berlin, early in 1914, "'*Made in Germany*': is not *that* the trouble?" Yes, that certainly *was* a large part of the trouble, and if other and nobler reasons for a contest have since come to the front it is largely our fault if it be difficult to persuade the Germans that these are the real ones.

There are many to whom the chief appeal is the case of Belgium. I believe it has moved the English people more than any other consideration. The Germans, and many inhabitants of neutral countries, consider us hypocrites about this. I am not surprised, but I think they are mistaken. More than that, I believe history can scarcely show us an instance of a policy more consistently and fairly carried out. This is not the first time we have considered the need of fighting on behalf of Belgium. The neutrality of Belgium was guaranteed in 1839. In 1852 Queen Victoria wrote to the King of the Belgians: "With such an extraordinary man as Louis Napoleon one can never be for one instant safe. It makes me very melancholy. . . . Any attempt on Belgium would be *casus belli* for us: *that* you may rely upon . . . the spirit of the people here is very great. . . ." Again, after the disclosures of the Benedetti Treaty between France and Prussia in 1870, Lord Russell said in the House of Lords: "Let me again remind your lordships of the obligations of the most sacred kind into which we

have entered to guarantee the independence and neutrality of Belgium. We are bound to defend Belgium. I am told that that may lead us into danger. . . . When the choice is between honour and infamy, I cannot doubt that her Majesty's Government will pursue the course of honour, the only one worthy of the British people." What followed when war broke out is well known. Great Britain entered into an identic treaty with France and Germany undertaking to make war upon either power that violated the neutrality of Belgium. I, for one, am proud that Great Britain should still keep faith with Belgium in 1914. The "scrap of paper" theory, on the other hand, is the theory of a man who is afraid and must persuade himself that he has a high intellectual reason for taking the easiest course. It is doubtless true that no agreement of any sort is binding regardless of conditions; exact codes are the curses of mankind. But the general relations with our neighbours must be upheld, and when we withdraw from an agreement, we must give the other party some opportunity of withdrawing too. What is low is to get the benefit of an agreement and also the benefit of breaking it. What was the method of the German statesmen? Up to the 31st of July the German Ambassador gave Belgium to understand that her neutrality would be respected. On the 2nd of August the German Government demanded the immediate passage of German troops. Such a standard of honour would make enduring peace for ever impossible, for an enduring peace must depend upon agreements: it would make a brotherhood of nations for ever impossible, for any brotherhood must depend upon trust. When the chief minister of a great nation refers to a solemn compact as "a scrap of paper," there is some disease at work in the body politic. What that disease is we may guess from our short survey of German internal administration. The Prussian tendency is the worship of big battalions. It seems that Prussian thought is rather easily captivated by the superficial pedantry which considers it has found the sources of conduct when it points out that every nation has to maintain itself by force. Such pedants are conveniently blind to the continual paradoxes of Nature, the conquests made by martyrs who are

slain, the heritage bequeathed by small peoples, the impotent greatness of vast empires. They call the human virtues by other names, and having thus, as they think, destroyed them, can contentedly espouse a merely animal struggle. The pedants exist in this country, but only in small cliques ; in Prussia they would seem to be a power. There is a force literature there of which we in England know only the writings of Treitschke the historian, and Bernhardi the soldier. We exaggerate the popularity of Bernhardi, but what is significant is the fact that an army general should have been allowed to produce such a book. When Canon MacColl translated into German an indictment of the Turk, the publication was at the last moment vetoed from Berlin. There was no veto when a general of the army wrote : "Holland is thus well adapted to cause serious difficulties to an English landing, if her coast batteries are armed with effective cannons. It would yield easily to a German invasion if it sided against us." Treaties count for nothing with this writer, who assumes that "the allied Great Powers would attempt to turn our strategical right flank through Belgium and Holland." The book, in fact, teems with the cynicism of an eighteenth-century wirepuller. "Let it, then, be the task of our diplomacy so to shuffle the cards that we may be attacked by France. . . ." "If we wish to bring about an attack by our opponents we must initiate an active policy . . . opportunities for such procedure are offered both in Africa and in Europe." "The Government . . . must control a strong and national Press. . . . It must do everything to foster a military spirit. . . . It must continually point to the significance and the necessity of war as an indispensable agent in policy and civilization." This force cult is not a pleasant thing to contemplate. It makes for autocracy and bureaucracy, not for that wise individualism in which all that is best in socialism merges. It started the present struggle with dishonour in Belgium ; it has continued it by intrigues in Turkey which are on a level with the devices of the cardsharp. We must remember, on the other hand, first, that Germany (partly rightly and partly wrongly) felt her natural career blocked and thwarted by England and

France ; secondly, that the German people, as we have seen, control their masters but little ; and, thirdly, that they are especially prone to the patriotism which blinds while it ennobles. And there is something else. A meeting of the Socialist party in the Reichstag was held in December at which a remarkable resolution was proposed (*Nation*, January 23, 1915). It favoured (a) the evacuation of Belgium and (b) a vote in Schleswig and Alsace Lorraine to determine the future government of those districts. *Twenty-four members voted for it.* A nation which, in war-time, can find twenty-four members of its Legislature to support so drastic a revision of its ambitions is very far from spiritual extinction. "Peradventure ten shall be found there. And He said, I will not destroy it for ten's sake."

That the military leaders of Germany would consider war as simply a crushing of their opponents was obvious. In an Englishman's fighting there is usually the idea of a possible friendship when the fight is over ; but, honestly, it must be acknowledged that this time the Englishman also proves lacking in generosity and in wisdom. The idea of "crushing" Germany, so that she cannot rise again, finds favour in a good many circles. A young officer writes to me : "I quite disagree with the suggestion of tolerance in the final peace with Germany. It seems to me that she must be absolutely crushed now while we have the chance. . . . We must so cripple the country financially and commercially that she cannot trouble the world for many years." Well, you may fight your opponent, get entirely the better of him, and secure a lasting peace, but does "crushing" your opponent make for a real peace? And is a peace without tolerance a fine consummation for England ("the Land of Freedom") to arrive at? The plain, ineluctable fact is that we have got to live with Germany afterwards, and always shall have to live with Germany. Is it not wiser, therefore, to believe in the possibility of a future *modus vivendi*? Belief creates its own objects of belief, and the alternative of perpetual hostility and intolerance is one that we should consider inevitable only in hell. The foolish talk about "wiping Germany off the map," that many have, alas ! indulged in, is fortunately not the utterance of responsible people,

but the kind of opinion which I have quoted is in the mouths of some who ought to know better. So prevalent, indeed, is it that I cannot help thinking it is good for the world that Germany is strong ; otherwise an easy victory might leave unrestrained a spirit of vindictive hate. Personally, I believe it to be wiser, more statesmanlike—I believe it to show a deeper knowledge of human nature—to treat a foe with generosity. It makes for that *modus vivendi* which it must be the object of any wise statesman to achieve. But, it is said, the German foe is ungenerous, and it is therefore no use treating him with generosity. Two considerations occur to me when I hear this sort of thing said. In the first place we are always predisposed to consider an enemy ungenerous ; in the next place I see no way of teaching generosity but by practising it. “Example,” says the old moral maxim, “is better than precept,” and this is one of the few moral maxims that happen to be true. How the Boers were denounced in the old days ! They knew nothing of generosity, nothing of honour, they too must be “crushed.” Fortunately the settlement was not in the hands of the talkers. The fighters knew better, and the statesmen knew better. Would the “crushing ” have given us now a loyal Boer Prime Minister in the Union of South Africa? The dearest foe becomes the Right Honourable Louis Botha, Prime Minister of the Union and Member of the Privy Council. What would have been our position now but for this wisdom of treatment? Are the German people different from all others, and will they yield only to severity and to nothing else? Why, this is the very theory which some of their leaders apply to other peoples, and the very theory we are seeking to disprove. We say that repression, used alone, makes for hate ; it would seem strange, then, to use a method which we combat. We have, indeed, in one part of our Empire used this method before. In Ireland we repressed, and repressed, and repressed. The result was a legacy of hate from which all the ingenuity of statecraft has extricated us only in the nick of time.

It is the treatment of Belgium that has called out most indignation in this country. That indignation has been generous and fine. It has also, as I hope to make

clearer, been too ready to believe all that was bad of the enemy. But that a German army would be an army of terrorism we ought to have expected. We are all of us familiar now with Bismarck's advice, "Leave the women nothing but their eyes to weep with"; most of us remember the extraordinary command given by the Kaiser at the time of the Pekin expedition: "Spare no one. Make for yourselves the reputation of the Huns of Attila." With such authority as a sanction, it is not surprising to find General von Hindenburg saying of Russian Poland: "The country is suffering distress; Lodz is starving. That is regrettable, but it is a good thing, for one can conduct no war with sentimentality. The more brutal the conduct of a war is, the more charitable it really is, for the sooner it will be ended." Such utterances take no account of what comes *after* a war. All idolizing of force is, in fact, myopic. Exactly the same myopism has affected German policy in Belgium. The proclamations are quite convincing on this point. "The town of Wavre will be set on fire and destroyed if the payment is not made when due." "All civilians to salute German officers." "Any one who disregards this must expect the military to make themselves respected by every means." "At the first attempt to destroy the railway line or the telephone or telegraph wires, the hostages will be immediately shot." After a surprise attack by civilians in the town of Ardenne, "It was with my consent," writes von Bülow, "that the general had the whole place burned down and about a hundred people shot." We might easily multiply such extracts. It is not worth while. It is the war policy of soldiers who do not look beyond war. It is hard, pitiless, shortsighted. How far it has been worse I do not know, and feel myself that we should act most wisely in not dwelling upon the stories of "atrocities" that are poured in upon us. In the October *Hibbert* Lord Roberts wrote: "May I give a word of caution to my countrymen against the unsportsmanlike practice of abusing one's enemies. . . . When we read charges against the German troops, let us remember that gross charges, absolutely untrue, were brought against our own brave soldiers fighting in South Africa. But whether the charges are true or not, let

us keep our own hands clean, *and let us fight against the Germans in such a way as to win their liking as well as their respect.*" I have italicized the last words, for they seem to me to express the essence of wise fighting. Lord Roberts is not content with this general principle, but gives instances of the effect of its adoption. "When I went to India in 1852, three years only had elapsed since our last campaign against the Sikhs; when the Mutiny broke out only five years later, the Sikhs fought on our side against the mutineers. In 1885 the Afghans, against whom we had fought hard only five years earlier, were ready to take the field with us against the Russians. The Dutch in South Africa, headed by generals who fought against us quite recently, are now fighting on our side." Oh that this wisdom would endue the whole nation in the present fight, that we should aim at "winning liking as well as respect," "*whether the charges are true or not.*" Such charges always appear in warfare, especially, it would seem, in civilized warfare. Civilized man does not, for the most part, *enjoy* warfare quite in the old way, and therefore he is more tempted to abuse the enemy who brings this unpleasant business upon him. Moreover there are more talkers in civilized warfare, and to the talkers the word "atrocities" has always been a favourite weapon. It paralyses judgment and reflection, and it does so the more readily because in every war some of the stories of atrocities are pretty certain to be true. War is an affair into which not only the better but also the lower elements in a population are drawn: all of us must have come across cases in which specially troublesome characters have been urged to go to the front. "The first child . . . was John . . . who turned out badly and enlisted in the Army," I read recently in a biography. Any strong animal is, naturally enough, accepted. This being so, what will happen? War is a time in which all passions burn at their fiercest. This, indeed, is the cause of the uplift as well as the degradation of war. It is a time of the uprush of primitive instincts, and some of these are fierce and cruel. I have seen the case of Wellington in southern France cited as that of a gentlemanly invasion. But the other side of the shield was seen at

Badajos, where, to use the words of our English historian, Gardiner, "the soldiers . . . raged madly through the streets, committing every species of cruelty and outrage." Yet the English nation was not a nation of monsters then, and the German nation is not a nation of monsters now. The policy of terrifying is certainly believed in by Prussian authorities. Given a doctrine thus inculcated, given the fierce excitement of war, add drunkenness, connived at, perhaps, by officers, and some terrible deeds are sure to occur. But I for one do not for one moment consider these deeds as showing the spirit of the German people. To estimate the number of such deeds is, and will probably remain, absolutely impossible. Personally, I would advocate much suspension of judgment as regards what went on in Belgium. Experience teaches us that at times like the present a very strange psychological atmosphere is created, and stories materialize somehow out of the air. Governesses with bombs appeared thus in the early weeks of the war. They appeared on every hand, but under official investigation they vanished away. Stories of cut off hands then began to circulate. Let us examine one or two. A friend of mine was told by a young man that he *knew* a soldier who was lying in the London Hospital with both hands cut off and both eyes gouged out. This was a pretty direct statement. I suppose most of us would have believed it. My friend did, and naturally felt the horror that we should all feel at such news, a horror which it is so difficult to prevent from passing over into indiscriminate hate. The story spread. At last, when its work of engendering hate was done, inquiry was made at the hospital. No such case had ever been heard of there. The story was next transferred to another hospital, but my friend did not take the trouble to follow it up. It was then said that there were child refugees at a large London house whose hands had been cut off by the Germans. After the authorities had received thousands of letters, they asked the Press to state that the stories were "absolutely without foundation." I next heard the story from a Midland town. I asked my informant to see the children for himself. The following is his reply: "A friend of

ours told us that he knew for certain that a local doctor had been into the country to attend to the Belgian children I spoke of. But I have since found out that it was merely an 'old woman's tale,' and have been more careful in accepting any such stories." A little reflection, indeed, would show the physical improbability of such tales. Such atrocities are not likely to be committed with a doctor close at hand, and a child with both hands cut off would certainly not take long to bleed to death. How do such stories get about? I have not myself any ready-made answer to that question. But one thing is certain: many people are deriving much pleasure just now from hating with a good conscience. There is thus great eagerness to accept what fosters this pleasant hate. But that is by no means the whole explanation. It does not account, for example, for the circumstantial and quite baseless accounts of Russian troops passing through this country. It seems as if, in the general psychic storm, stories spread by a sort of telepathic infection, and people in considerable numbers imagined what they had never seen. I do not think that the simple alternative of a great increase of lying quite covers the facts. I am sure, however, that evidence must at such a time be enormously difficult to sift, for scarcely any witnesses are in a normal state. It will be well to rely only upon the account given by men of intellect and self-command of what they have themselves actually seen. We find some of them writing of cruel repression, but not of wholesale atrocity. Witnesses from Brussels and from Ghent have spoken favourably of the personal behaviour of soldiers and officers. A neutral correspondent writes in the *Times* of January 28th: "On the whole it cannot be said that the behaviour of the German officers and soldiers towards the population of Ghent is bad. When the German troops entered the city, strict instructions were given them to refrain from pillaging, and to pay for everything they bought in the shops, very much to the disgust of many. . . ." On the other hand, again and again, everywhere, we find readiness to accept stories against the enemy on very slender evidence. At the time of the loss of our three cruisers I saw in one of the better newspapers a large heading,

"German Treachery. Fighting under the Dutch Flag." I looked down the columns for evidence. No mention of such a circumstance in the official report, none in the letter from the chief correspondent ; but at last I found that some one at Harwich had "heard of" such an incident. We must remember that only cool and clear intellects are likely at such a time to give an accurate account of facts. Between others mutual recrimination may readily arise. An officer on H.M.A.S. *Sydney* wrote after the attack on the *Emden* : "It was very interesting talking to some of the German officers afterwards. On the first day they were on board one said to me, 'You fire on the white flag.' I at once took the matter up, and the torpedo-lieutenant and an engineer [of the *Emden*] both said emphatically, 'No, that is not so ; you did not fire on the white flag.' But we did not leave it at that. One of us went to the captain, and he got from Captain von Müller an assurance that we had done nothing of the kind, and that he intended to assemble his officers and tell them so." Note how readily on the other side, amongst those less responsible or less cool-headed, a tale may grow up against *us*. Let us observe in considering tales against them the same caution that we should wish them to exercise in considering tales against us. It is well, too, not to be too certain of ourselves. The feeling which prompted the attacks on defenceless tradespeople in Deptford, the malevolence which drove Prince Louis of Battenberg from office, might on the field of battle (if it retained sufficient courage) do more dastardly things.

There is one piece of fair play to the enemy of which we should be capable. We ought at the least to consider his good deeds as well as his bad, the evidence in his favour as well as the evidence against him. Sir William Butler (a man of fairly wide experience) considered that the Anglo-Saxon was not chivalrous to an enemy. We should like to think otherwise. Yet here is something that is ugly. Mr. Herbert Corey, the American correspondent, wrote as follows to the *Times* as to the earlier war news cabled from England to the United States. "The *Times* leader quotes the *Post* as charging that I 'flatly made

the charge that dispatches had been altered for the purpose of hiding the truth and blackening the German character.' I do not recollect this phrase. I did charge that dispatches telling of German atrocities were permitted to go through unaltered, and that sentences in other dispatches in which credit was given the Germans for courtesy and kindness were deleted. I abide by that statement. . . . Should it be desirable to institute an inquiry into the eccentricities of a military censorship prior to October 1st, or thereabouts, it will give me great pleasure to be of what service I may." The charge so definitely made is one, not of mere lack of chivalry but of lack of honesty, *suppressio veri*. There have been many angry references to unfair German attempts to influence neutral opinion. But, of nations, as of individuals, "Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone." It is obvious from Mr. Corey's letter that we are not likely to hear too much good of the enemy. We may the more readily accept what we do hear. Let us see what is said. As usual we must go for generosity to those who are actually fighting. The *Times* of November 19th publishes a letter from "a General officer commanding a brigade." He writes: "I am disgusted by the accounts I see in the papers of the inferiority of Germans as soldiers. Don't believe one word of it. They are quite splendid in every way. Their courage, efficiency, organization, equipment, and leading are all of the very best, and never were surpassed by any troops ever raised. They come on in masses against our trenches and machine-guns, and come time after time, and they are never quiescent, but always on the offensive. I am full of admiration for them, and so are all who know anything about them. It is a pity that such fine soldiers should have behaved so badly in Belgium and here; they have behaved badly, there is no doubt about it, but nothing like what is said of them—any way, in parts I have been through." There have been too many writing as if they could *scold* the enemy out of France and Belgium. It is a refreshing contrast to read a real fighter's letter, with something of the old love of the enemy in it, a love that is perhaps the best realization of the Christian ideal. It is "a pity"

when so fine an enemy behaves badly, even though "nothing like" as badly as the scolds have said. A Major in a Highland regiment wrote also: "The Dervishes . . . were credited to be brave beyond the bravery of civilization: the Germans are harder to put out of trenches than they were. We are up against a thundering good army, and it will take us all our time to break 'em." Once again the note of admiration which the people at home seem to find it so difficult to understand. Both sides say in their newspapers that the other treats prisoners badly. Yet on both sides prisoners speak well of their treatment. "During the time I was with the Germans they treated me with every consideration," writes a British officer in the *Times* of December 30th. At the beginning of November "Eye-Witness" records how English prisoners had been sheltered by the Germans in cellars to protect them from the bombardment of their own side. An Anglo-Indian tells of a wounded havildar who was noticed by a German officer. "The German officer spoke to him in Hindustani, asking him the number of his regiment, and where he came from. He bound up his wounds, gave him a drink, and brought him a bundle of straw to support his head. This will be remembered to the credit side of our German account." A wounded officer was recently talking to some students at one of our universities. He protested humorously that he was not a "pro-German," and then spoke up for a fair view of the enemy. When he was being carried into hospital, he noticed an aeroplane-gun just outside the hospital. This struck him as, to say the least, singularly unwise. He expected the hospital to be shelled, and this occurred. He did not blame the Germans. On another occasion a farm near the firing lines was used for first aid. It was not obviously a hospital and was fired on. The commanding officer sent a note to von Kluck to explain matters, and the farm was never after exposed to fire. He had seen a church damaged by German shell fire, but this was one which he had himself seen used by the French for observation purposes. The same officer uttered a warning against believing all that was in the "Tommies'" letters. At one time when he was

censoring letters, one passed through his hands from a Tommy only just arrived in France, and never in the firing line. He described an immense battle in which the English did wonders and he himself had marvellous duties to perform. As far as the military situation was concerned the letter was quite harmless, so it was allowed to go through. It was something like the intelligence to the publication of which the Press Bureau "does not object." The German attacks on merchantmen were, all acknowledge, till lately carried out with scrupulous courtesy, and though the indiscriminate laying of mines and the bombardment of open towns excite our anger, we must remember that the general sea fighting has been entirely worthy. An officer of the *Sydney* gives a quite enthusiastic account of the officers of the *Emden*. "Vitthoef, the torpedo lieutenant, was a thoroughly nice fellow. Lieutenant Schal was also a good fellow, and half English. It quite shook them when they found that the captain had asked that there be no cheering on entering Colombo, but we certainly did not want cheering with rows of badly wounded men [almost all German] laid out in cots on the quarter-deck. Captain von Müller is a very fine fellow. . . . The day he was leaving the ship at Colombo, he came up to me on the quarter-deck and thanked me in connection with the rescue of the wounded, shook hands and saluted, which was very nice and polite of him. . . . Prince Hohenzollern was a decent enough fellow. In fact, we seemed to agree that it was our job to knock one another out, but there was no malice in it." This is the ideal fighting, "with no malice in it." It has been achieved by a good many English and Germans, and that gives hope for the future. Let us make the most, not the least, of what points towards a better understanding, but, meanwhile, let us fight hard. We need to do that, for most assuredly the Germans are no cowards. "However discordant the elements which make up the German Empire, by the force of the Prussian war machine they have one and all been welded together to be able to fight for national existence, and by their actions it is evident that for them '*Deutschland über Alles*' is no empty cry." So wrote "Eye-Witness" on November 16th.

"To fight for national existence." Once such a war is started, that must be the feeling in each country, and we should despise any country where the men held back. Whatever the mistakes of their politicians, however unawake they have been to the call of political freedom, every German now is fighting for his land and those who are dear to him. Their courage, their devotion are just like those of their enemies. It is only that two ideals have come to the test, and that test, in the final resort, must be war.

Yet what a queer, sad, unreasonable test it is! "On Christmas Eve" (writes a member of the London Rifle Brigade) "the Germans burned coloured lights and candles along the top of their trenches, and on Christmas Day a football match was played between them and us in front of the trench. They even allowed us to bury all our dead lying in front, and some of them, with hats in hand, brought in one of our dead officers from behind their trench, so that we could bury him decently. They were really magnificent in the whole thing, and jolly good sorts. I have now a very different opinion of the German. Both sides have started the firing, and are already enemies again. Strange it all seems, doesn't it?"

In our talk about atrocities we always overlook the charges made on the other side. What they think on the other side we see only through a haze of passion. But let us summarize a few of the charges made. They have said that the Allies use dum-dum bullets, that their civilians, against the laws of war, attack soldiers, that the French have killed and mutilated wounded German soldiers, that they have fired on ambulance-cars filled with wounded troops and bearing the Red Cross flag, that they have invaded German field hospitals, robbed the staff, and fired on the doctors attending to the wounded, some of whom they have killed and others they have made prisoners. According to the *Kölnische Zeitung*, a wounded soldier in Munich said: "The English are absolutely ruthless. . . . Any German, whether wounded or unwounded, who falls into their hands is immediately shot." "This," the editor adds, "is confirmed from other quarters" (*Times*, December 12, 1914). Lies,

you say. Yes, or part of the fog of war, or an exaggeration of a few of those abominable deeds that are sure to occur in war-time. The story of explosive cigarettes and cigars has its counterpart on the other side, also the story of gouged out eyes. It was said by one Berlin newspaper that in a single hospital lay ten slightly wounded German soldiers whose sight had thus been destroyed. Inquiry led to the laconic statement, "There is, fortunately, no truth in these reports." The Socialist paper *Vorwärts* should have earned for itself undying fame by its efforts to be fair to the enemy. Perhaps not another newspaper in Europe (including Great Britain) has done this service so thoroughly. "Every eye," writes the *Vorwärts*, "which was damaged or destroyed [in battle] has been immediately transformed into an eye gouged out by franc-tireurs." Thus the campaign of slander goes on. "Attested" atrocities on both sides have been published impartially by the Swiss journal *La Voix de l'Humanité*, and the editor's conclusion would, I fear, satisfy neither side. Judicial inquiry is, in most cases, it seems to me, nugatory. The conditions are such as to invalidate most evidence. It is far more important to appreciate the good points of an enemy, to fight in such a way as "to win liking as well as respect." A young officer of the Yorkshire Light Infantry writes from the front, "I can assure you that there is none of that insensate hatred . . . out here." A Swiss correspondent, rather disgusted with the English newspapers, and even more so with the French, wrote to me: "The most frightful thing in this war seems to me, not the carnage and desolation on the battlefields, but the vulgarity and thoughtlessness of the non-combatants. . . . As soon as soldiers must get their fighting force from suggestions of puerile besmirching of the enemy, then war indeed becomes intolerably base." My correspondent considers that the German newspapers have done better. A cutting from the *Frankfurter Zeitung* supports his view. An article in dialogue form chaffingly, and without any bitterness, twits the Englishman with a rather hypocritical desire to pose as a champion of liberty and honour when fighting against a trade rival. It is a keen thrust, but quite good-naturedly given. It goes home, I must confess,

when I think of some of our clamorous newspapers combining a flourish about the destruction of German trade, violent diatribes against every defenceless German, and general abuse of the enemy, with a sanctimonious assertion of the nobility and high-mindedness of the English sense of honour.

"Yes, but whatever may be said in favour of the German enemy, there are the destructions and burnings—Louvain, Rheims, Termonde, and the rest." Certainly the destruction in Louvain is an abomination. I agree wholly with the execration of this deed. But it does not make me hate all Germany. Moreover, the strength of our partisanship was borne in upon me by another incident that I saw reported in the papers not long after—but this time it was an incident on our own side. The Russians had occupied a small town. While the soldiers were marketing (so we were told) some of the inhabitants, concealed in haycarts, drove into the market-place and opened fire on the Russians. This, remarked the newspaper correspondent, was unfortunate for the people, as the Russians proceeded to make the town "uninhabitable." There was not a word of condemnation anywhere, only a report that suggested complacency and satisfaction. "But," I said to myself, "the excuse here given is exactly the kind of excuse given by the Germans at Louvain and elsewhere." I began to be less certain of all the atrocities being on one side and all the chivalry on the other. And Rheims? Well, in the fog of suspicion, may not the Germans have believed (as they assert) that the cathedral towers were being used for observations? I quote next from a military letter in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. It is dated October 7th. "Thence we went to the neighbouring Roye, a pretty little country town of four and a half thousand inhabitants, with a beautiful cathedral, now altogether ruined by the French fire, with the exception of the early Gothic façade and the main walls." The writer does not, however, busy himself with condemning the French. He only records a regrettable fact.

*Spies.*—How that word has been used to stir up all the worst that is in us—fear, hate, injustice! I know of a little country town where two earnest-minded,

religious English folk received two German friends. The Englanders went to a religious meeting and, out of the warmth of their hearts, remembered their German friends in the prayers they offered up. But it is thought unpatriotic in these days to pray for a German. So the whole of the little town was in uproar and wreaked its vengeance on the windows of those who dared to pray for two German friends. Their ideas of a tribal God were, in fact, just as primitive as those of the Kaiser. The newspapers that have clamoured for war upon waiters have much to answer for. The concentrated fury of this attack, its "black lists," which gradually compelled all hotels to turn their German servants into the streets, set the public a standard of patriotism which they were not slow to learn. We became (I hope only for a while) a petty people. A great nation, to use a phrase of Ruskin's, does not "howl like a pack of frost-pinched wolf-cubs" on the track of a number of harmless youngsters. I happened to know one of them. His manager kept him on as long as he dared. The lad was eighteen, very small for his age, had only recently come to England, was a good and honourable worker, not robust physically, and decidedly nervous in temperament. Picture yourself at his age in an enemy's country and knowing only a few words of the language. Of course to him the newspapers seemed thirsting for his arrest, and, indeed, so they were. The English employees, so taught by this new priesthood of patriotism, made his life miserable. His letters at the time were piteous, and it was almost a relief when the manager obeyed the English god, Public Opinion, and turned him out. Yet the sequel was sad. Too proud to ask for help, he drifted into mistakes—the mistakes that the untempted call crimes—and is now in prison. All sentiment must be sacrificed for safety, we are told. But when the use of codes was prohibited in cabling, an agitation grew up, and concessions were speedily obtained. What would have happened if the internment of German waiters had touched the pockets of the commercial world? I have often been told that the Germans behaved worse. I know personally only two cases of Englishmen in Germany. The first is that of a lad of eighteen who was

at school there. There were several Russians with him. After the outbreak of the war, none were allowed beyond the limits of the school playground, but there was not any more rigorous confinement. Then came newspaper agitation in this country for a general internment of Germans. Apparently orders for the arrest of all Germans of military age were actually given in September. There were also the riotous outbursts in London. To me it does not seem at all surprising that my young friend's lot became worse and worse. He was limited to an hour's exercise per day, and at last (in December, I think) arrested and imprisoned with others, pending the provision of room in a concentration camp. If any one will place himself in the position of the schoolmaster, he will see that the maintenance of several "alien enemies" during the war presented problems of some difficulty, the solution of which might be considerably affected by the generosity shown in similar cases by the other side. The other case was that of a young Englishman who had a German wife. He was for long allowed to go about quite freely, but I have no news of his present condition.

At the present time each side can excuse persecution of aliens by saying "The others would do the same" or (for this is equally easily said) "The others would do worse." In the *Daily Chronicle* of January 22nd was a paragraph stating that the Governors of the High School for Girls at High Wycombe (presided over, alas ! by a lady) had reaffirmed their decision to withhold a scholarship from an "alien enemy's" child. The Board of Education had pointed out that, though the child's father was German, she was herself a British subject ; but this made no difference to the Governors. And the clinching argument seemed to be the question, "What would the Germans do in such a case?" a question to which the desired answer is easily assumed. Yet it seems scarcely consonant with a high degree of intelligence to denounce German methods unsparingly on the one hand and to take them as our standard on the other. The argument "They did it first" is almost always a weak defence. I can conceive it as weighty in a case where the enemy adopts some peculiarly lethal weapon and the others are threatened with annihilation

unless they retaliate in kind. But here nothing seems in question but the old policy of tit for tat. It is not a policy with which to assert the sanctity of agreements or the rights of small nations. It has already made us careless of the word that we gave when we naturalized foreigners and promised them the privileges of British subjects. It is, in fact, exactly the policy which has threatened to be the ruin of Europe. "The Germans have done worse" we are told, and at times with truth, but I much doubt whether a paragraph like the following could appear in a German newspaper :—

"MR. LEWIS HARCOURT'S GERMAN CHAUFFEUR."

"Mr. Lewis Harcourt, M.P., Secretary of State for the Colonies, still employs a German chauffeur. The man's name is —, and he took out naturalization papers within a short time of the outbreak of war. He has been in Mr. Harcourt's employment for eleven or twelve years, but it is said that he has not done much driving lately."

The curiously mean sneer in the last clause we may pass by. A man serves you well for eleven or twelve years. By that time, if you are a gentleman, he has become your friend. War breaks out with his country. Your servant has made England his home, prefers to remain with you, and becomes a member of your nation. The newspaper patriot threatens to pillory you if you do not turn him out. The phrase of my Swiss friend comes into my mind, and with that we will leave the matter—"intolerably base." Let us recall a pleasanter incident. At one of our older Universities a German student was doing some scientific research. During a not very intelligible outburst of internment this student was arrested. His English comrades did not allow the matter to pass. They at once signed a protest, and in a very few days their German friend was back at work in the laboratory. I prefer to think of this as the true English spirit, and of such young men as England's truest sons.

After all, in our saner moments, we all of us know

that the Germans are a great people, with a great part in the world to play. Their boasts about their "culture" are not idle boasts, and, when one comes to think of it, it is rather important to have in our midst a people that *cares* to boast about its culture. The Englishman is more given to complaining than to boasting, and when he does boast it is certainly not about culture. As it seems to me, the Germans excel in two things—simple tenderness of sentiment and the work of patient observation. I am aware that it has for a considerable time been the mode in England to slight German literature. Personally, I consider this one of those temporary poses to which superior persons are liable. Leave out all the great names if you will—Goethe, Schiller, Heine, and the rest—and we still have the folk-songs. A nation that can produce those folk-songs has got unusual gifts for the world. And of course we envy the Germans their music. Of all the contemptible utterances that this war has produced (and it has produced a good many) none has been worse than the silly blathering against German music just because it is German. What have Beethoven, Bach, Schubert, Schumann, Wagner got to do with the politics of the present war? Leaving the arts aside, it is quite certain that in any region where careful observation and painstaking thought are required, no one can afford to neglect Germany. Recently I was looking through May's "Guide to the Roman Pottery in the York Museum." Among the names of those dealing with the subject of Roman pottery, I suppose the best known are those of Déchelette and Dragendorff—the one French, the other German. Among the other references, I found fourteen to German publications and four to English, one of the latter being merely a museum catalogue. No one can study philosophy without continual reference to German thought. Even in a subject so English as the study of Shakespeare, the work of Gervinus is fundamental, and from the time of Lessing to that of Ten Brink there has been a succession of German commentators. Those of us who have worked at all at science know only too well what we owe to Germany there. It has, indeed, been at times painful to compare the mass of the German output with the com-

paratively thin stream of English work. Of course there has been splendid English research, but as a people we are not lovers of knowledge, and we are specially loath to apply it. Again and again our scientific papers have been filled with diatribes against our English neglect of science, and the diatribes were needed. I remember asking a British firm of repute to construct for me a resistance "bridge" of a simple kind. I explained the whole purpose of the apparatus, but when it came back to me, the resistance wire was soldered down in two places to broad bands of brass. This, of course, altered the resistance, and rendered the apparatus useless. A rudimentary knowledge of electricity would have made such a mistake impossible. Contrast this with the following. When I was a student a lecturer wished to prepare a rather rare compound for some work of his. We both tried for long to prepare a specimen, but failed, probably because the temperature of our furnace was not high enough. We then sent to a German firm of manufacturing chemists, and they prepared it for us at once. I remarked recently to an English scientific chemist, "No English firm would have done that." "Well, if you had pressed them," he replied, "they would have sent over to — [a German firm] and then put their own label on the bottle." A "chemist," in too many of our works, is too often a lad who has picked up some routine knowledge, but who has no more scientific equipment than a farm labourer. Contrast this with the state of things at the *Badische Anilin und Soda Fabrik*, where as many as *sixty* trained chemists are employed. I have often thought of these things when I have heard manufacturers bewailing German competition. The war has produced many strange intellectual somersaults, and it is curious to notice how many Free Traders are now eager for the destruction, not temporarily but permanently, of German trade. A few months ago they would have preached in season and out on the advantage to England of receiving cheap goods, they would have extolled German scientific methods, and they would (with every right) have pointed out that a customer who buys forty million pounds' worth of our goods is scarcely one whom we should wish to destroy. All

these facts remain absolutely unaltered by the war. All that has happened is that a half-ashamed jealousy is no longer ashamed, and is masquerading as patriotism so successful as to have misled the majority of our countrymen—for a time. The day of reckoning will come, and we shall not then find it any better than previously to buy dear goods to please the manufacturers. Moreover, our men of business will not have learned scientific methods by the end of the war. A publisher's circular that I recently received appealed, on patriotic grounds, for the purchase of a book on applied science. I am not very cynical, but I confess that I distrust these trade appeals to patriotism. The true patriot does not advertise his patriotism in order to make money. In this case the work was well known and important, but it was interesting to observe that almost every one of the contributors was German, and that the rest were German-Swiss. Surely, in spite of its horror, there are many things in this contest to make the gods laugh.

Empire, sudden expansion, political bondage, diplomatic suspicion, a force doctrine—these things on the German side made for war. In France there was the idea of *revanche*. In England there was trade jealousy and a diplomatic set against Germany. Out of these things came war. It is useless to try to find the *individual* responsible, though humanity, when faced with problems too vast for it, always tries to do that. Failing the one individual, we fasten upon any within reach, and hence all kinds of pettiness and persecution. But the struggle is one much vaster than that of the policies of individual men, the intrigues of diplomatists, or even the pride of nationality. All of us have made our mistakes and contributed unworthily to the contest. So far as we hope to make personal or national gain out of it, we are contributing unworthily now. Still, it is at heart a great, a fundamental struggle, and one that we may all be proud to share. In spite of sordidness, in spite of hypocrisy, in spite even of dishonour, it is a struggle between two ideals, in *both* of which there is something great, the ideal of government and the ideal of freedom, the ideal of the armed State and the ideal of the industrial State, the ideal of respect

for smaller peoples and the ideal of a mighty Empire. Neither of these contrary ideals is wrong. It is the balance between them that has to be asserted. This is the real "balance of power" that is worth fighting for. The balance was being disturbed, and it is worth all that is in each one of us to set it right. When all is over the two ideals will have learned from each other. And when all is over the peoples will remain, art and science will remain, trade will remain, human relations will remain. These last, if we destroy the pettiness in our souls, will have acquired a new worth. We may then abandon the Red and Yellow Books, and turn to something more profitable. It is feelings that cause strife, feelings, too, that cure it. A picture comes into my mind as I close this imperfect attempt to envisage some of the feeling on both sides: A timbered room in an old cottage, a large brick chimney-corner, the fire on the hearth of which makes flickering lights and shadows among the oak beams. A man and a youth are crouching by the fire to read hastily a letter that has just come. The man is English, the youth German; the letter is from a young yeoman at the front. The two are equally eager to hear good news of him, for they both love him. In the future we have got to get just that. We have got to feel for the others, and then we shall understand. Then race barriers will go down and diplomatists will vanish, and we shall work together at making a new world.



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